Worship

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48003214.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Religion, Secret Relationship, Alternate Universe - Teenagers, Making Out, Sneaking Around, this one goes out to all of my repressed former southern baptists
Language:	English
Series:	Part 33 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-20 Words: 558 Chapters: 1/1

Worship

by sourweather

Summary

One Word Prompt: Worship

Teen Will and Hannibal sneak away from a church service to be alone together.

Notes

I know this probably wasn't what my follower Cel was expecting when they suggested the word Worship for my warmups, but I've been feeling really nostalgic lately so. cute teen forbidden makeouts ensued <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Sunday mornings used to be the part of the week that Will dreaded most.

The actual church service wasn't so bad. He'd just stare straight ahead, zoning out with a vaguely interested look on his face and daydream until it was over. But all of the other parts? The showing up in a suit and a tie, and struggling to keep up with hymns, and making stilted small talk with a dozen different old women who smelled of foundation powder? Yeah, sufficed to say he wasn't a fucking fan.

All that changed at the beginning of the summer, though.

"Oh, God…"

Now he looks forward to Sunday morning all week long.

Hannibal chuckles into the flesh of Will's throat, pressing wet kisses in a line up to his jaw. "Blasphemer," he teases in Will's ear, and he curses under his breath.

Will grabs at Hannibal's tie, yanking him harshly into hot, clumsy kiss. He's got no idea what he's doing. He suspects that Hannibal does, at least a little, and it makes him feel insecure and intrigued all at once.

He moans into Hannibal's mouth, his back crushed against the church's brick exterior. They're hidden, for the most part. Carfully positioned away from both the sanctuary's entrance and the parking lot.

"We can't do this next week," he pants, barely getting the words out before he's licking his way into the other boy's mouth again. "My dad's gonna start getting suspicious."

It's not hard to sneak off during the sermon. Will usually doesn't even say anything, just stands up and sneaks his way out of the sanctuary. It's inconspicuous enough if you're only gone for a minute or two, but Hannibal and Will have been pushing their luck, lately, and he knows it.

Hannibal just hums, hands ghosting their way down Will's rumpled dress shirt. "You said that last Sunday, too," he purrs, and nips Will's lower lip.

Will lets out a breathy laugh, surrendering as Hannibal pushes his hair aside to kiss the space just beneath his ear. "You wouldn't stop looking at me," he defends. "What did you want me to do, ignore it?"

"No," Hannibal whispers. He catches Will's earlobe between his teeth, and Will bites back a moan. "I wanted you to do exactly this."

"Hannibal…"

He pulls back just enough to let Will breathe, looming over him patiently. Will feels something stir in him, staring up at Hannibal's face in the sun. Something like devotion,

maybe. He'd been baptized before he could even read, but Will Graham has finally found religion.

Will reaches up, tangles his fingers in Hannibal's hair, guides him close again.

They were only supposed to hide out here for a few minutes, but suddenly the old doors of the church are opening with a thunderous creaking. The boys are interrupted by the sound of a hundred voices, stalling and chatting as they make their slow way out of the sanctuary.

With a gentle smile, Hannibal straightens Will's tie. He takes a generous step back, smoothing out his sandy hair. Will feels cold without him.

"I'll see you next week, Will," he says, eyes twinkling with a mix of mischief and affection.

Will watches him walk away, then takes a deep, centering breath. He lets his head fall back against the wall, staring up at the clear sky overhead.

Hallelujah.

End Notes

thanks as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops!!! <3

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